

## The Little Things.

Only a little shivered seed.  
It might be a flower, or grass, or weed;  
Only a box of earth on the edge  
Of a narrow, dusty window ledge;  
Only a few scant summer showers,  
Only a few clear shining hours;  
That was all. Yet God could make  
Out of these, for a sick child's sake,  
A blossom-wonder, as fair and sweet  
As ever broke at an angel's feet.

Only a life of barren pain,  
Wet with sorrowful tears for rain,  
Warmed sometimes by a wandering  
gleam  
Of joy, that seemed but a happy dream;  
A life as common and brown and bare  
As the box of earth in the window there;  
Yet it bore, at last, the precious bloom  
Of a perfect soul in that narrow room;  
Pure as the snowy leaves that fold  
Over the flower's heart of gold.  
—Henry Van Dyke in Friendly Year.

# Betty's Surrender

BY MIRIAM SMITH

Chilvers looked disgustedly at the canvas over which Betty had already smeared more than a dollar's worth of paint.

"I would suggest," he said quietly, "that if you want to put any more paint on that cow, you had best use clay modeling tools."

"There you go again," she stormed. "How do you expect me ever to become a great artist if you nag that way?"

"I don't expect you to become great," he reminded her gently. "I don't want you to become great. I want you some day to realize that it is better to be a good wife than a poor bohemian artist."

"In which sense do you use that 'poor'?" she asked him.

"In every sense of the term. You are poor in purse, for all you can spare goes for paint for those bas-reliefs you call pictures. You are poor in heart, for you have no time for anything else save your art. You are to be pitied, because you elect to live in a rattily-bang place over a stable just because art students are supposed to undergo certain hardships and—"

"Poor, I suppose," she finished off for him, "because I am so dense as not to be able to perceive the immense advantage of being permitted to sacrifice a career to a man by the name of Winthrop Chilvers."

"Not necessarily that," he corrected, "but to be pitied because you are sacrificing the best years of your life to a foolish fad. If there was any chance that you might do great things, I would be the last to say you nay."

"Now, you wish to say me nay that I may say you yes?" she taunted.

"Not that," he said sadly. "But you will never become great. You paint by fits and starts. Time was when you were an impressionist and had but four or five tubes of paint in your stock. Now you want the heavy effects. Next week you may turn out pictures like the surface of an enameled photograph."

"I sell them," she retorted defiantly. "I have made my own living ever since I started."

"Yes," he admitted; "but even had you not, you would have starved rather than give up this foolish idea."

"Others have starved before me in the same cause," she said proudly. "Who am I that I should not be willing to sacrifice myself to art?"

"You are a dear little woman who has no business worrying about art," he answered her.

She stepped before him, her eyes blazing. "I never want to see you again," she cried. "Please be kind enough to let me fight my own battle."

Chilvers took her at her word. When she telephoned to the hotel in the afternoon they told her that he had gone away. He had left no note, not even a card for her.

One of the girls in the art class had told her of the splendid place where she had spent the previous summer, and here Betty decided to go. It was a little town off the beaten line, and there were said to be some most picturesque bits. A bent old man on a green farm wagon hailed her as she descended from the car.

"Goin' to Trestone's, heant ye?" he shouted.

She nodded.

"Jump aboard," giving her the lines to hold while he got her trunk.

"One of them artists," he comment-

"Miss Tuttle?" asked Betty, naming her friend.

"She was over ter Bagots," he said, negatively. "This was a real artist feller. Got paid big prices."

"I've been paid \$150 for one of my canvases," she said proudly.

"Sho!" he ejaculated, wheeling in his seat and regarding her with interest. "If yer know all that about art you'll laugh yerself sick at my gallery, I suppose. I don't see they er so darned funny, but this artist feller uster laff hisself sick over 'em."

"Chromos?" suggested Betty, smiling.

He turned faint.

ing. She could imagine the sort of pictures on a farmhouse wall.

"No," said Trestone; "they're real ones. Some city chap the missus uster be nurse to, sends 'em. He says he has to buy 'em 'cause no one else will. He hates to destroy 'em, and he don't want to keep 'em. He sends 'em to us."

"Some beginner," said Betty, with a tilted nose, "whose friends wish to help her along. Now, I've been self-supporting for three years."

Betty asked to see the pictures before she unpacked. She was feeling particularly self-satisfied.

But at sight of them she turned faint, and after a crying spell, which lasted several hours, she sent a telegram. It read:

"Please come. Am stopping at Trestone's."

That was all, but Chilvers, reading between the lines, knew that Betty had given up art after having seen her entire output on Trestone's wall, and he blessed the fate that had unconsciously guided her there.

Husbands, Note This.

There are few right thinking persons who would deny that business men ought to confide in their wives, says the Pittsburg Press.

First of all, a woman cannot feel that her husband has given her his whole heart when he keeps from her the whole course of his business life. No doubt, it is generally done from a good motive. The husband thinks he is saving his wife worry and trouble, but in most cases he is doing the exact opposite, for every wife with right feeling would gladly lessen her husband's burdens by sharing them.

Nor does a sensible woman care for the left-handed compliment that her pretty figure was not meant to bother with figures. True marriage is a true union in everything where all is open, and the griefs and the sorrows of each are shared by both, and comfort drawn from the mutual sympathy. A man who does not confide in his wife deliberately shuts himself out from his chief consolation.

Present From Canadians.

The Earl of Aberdeen's connection with Canada—he was governor general from 1895 to 1898—has been appropriately recognized by Canadians, who have sent Lady Marjorie Sinclair a chain made of Klondike gold measuring sixty-five inches and containing eight links, typical of the eight provinces, and jeweled with the precious stones of Canada.

Valuable Contribution to Library.

The Victoria and Albert museum, South Kensington, London, has received a very valuable addition to its collections through the bequest made by the late Mr. Constantine Alexander Idenides of all his paintings, drawings, etchings and engravings, which amount to nearly twelve hundred in all.

# WITH THE VETERANS

## LINCOLN ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

President Watched Contest For the Possession of Washington.

Of all the places of historic interest in and about Washington, there is not one that played a more important part in the defense of the nation's capital than picturesque Fort Stevens, just to the north of the city. There, a bit over forty years ago, Abraham Lincoln stood on the parapets of this hastily constructed fort and watched the battle for the protection of the city of Washington. It was the only time in the history of the country when the President, who is commander-in-chief of the army, has stood exposed on the field of battle to the bullets of the sharpshooters of the opposing forces.

Sacred as the spot should be, it was for many years neglected. In recent years, however, a dilatory Congress has seen to its care, and now it is attractive enough to take many visitors daily to the high ground five miles north of the city where the Union soldiers fought it out with Jubal Early's men on that memorable morning of July 12, 1864. There is a little cemetery hard by now, where clustered about a tall flag pole from the top of which the stars and stripes float to the breeze, are the graves of the men who died that Washington might be saved. It is hard to say what might have been the result had they not checked Gen. Early's march on Washington. If President Lincoln had escaped capture it must have been in flight.

High up from the pike, in former days the main artery between Washington and Baltimore, stands to-day a picturesque little church of stone, called Emory Chapel, the home of a congregation of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. It stands in the very center of the old fort, and in the spot where the magazine then was. Its position is a commanding one, giving a view of all the surrounding country. Round and about it the breastworks of the old fort are yet to be seen. Here it was that the Union soldiers sustained the only onslaught of the Confederate troops in their attack on Washington.

It was first called Fort Massachusetts, because it was largely constructed by troops from the Bay state, but after it was strengthened and altered, in 1863, it was rechristened Fort Stevens, in honor of Gen. Isaac I. Stevens, colonel of the 79th regiment, New York infantry, afterward major-general of volunteers, who was killed Sept. 1 at Chancellery.

It was in the early part of July, 1864, that Gen. Early laid his plans for a descent upon the national capital. Lew Wallace had opposed his march with the 6th corps at Monacacon, and though the Confederates won the day, they were so worn by the battle that they had to rest one day before following up their advantage. That one day was fatal. It enabled Grant to overtake the 25th New York cavalry by telegraph at City Point and hurry them by way of Baltimore to Washington. They reached Fort Stevens early on Monday morning, twelve hours before the other reinforcements.

News of Early's coming had reached Washington, and the town was in a turmoil of excitement. It was known that the forts about the city were garrisoned only by small forces, composed chiefly of hundred-day men, convalescents of the veteran reserve corps and clerks from the government department who had bravely and cheerfully responded to the call for volunteers. So great was the anxiety in the city that a steamboat was kept at the river front with steam up all day ready to take away the President and the most valuable government records. It was decided that the main attack would be made at Fort Stevens, and so what force could be mustered was concentrated there.

The command of the forces for defense was placed in the hands of Maj. Gen. Alexander McDowell McCook. Lieut.-Col. John N. Frazee was given immediate command of the fort. Maj. Gen. Horatio G. Wright was also there. In fact, there were many generals and few privates.

As Early's men advanced, much woodland was cut down and many houses burned, the occupants being given but a few hours to get their goods out. A skirmish line was thrown out, consisting of the 25th New York cavalry, and, although they lost heavily during the first day's battle, they were able to hold Early's forces in check until reinforcements arrived the day following. On Tuesday the real battle was fought, and the morning after not a Confederate was to be seen. It was a fight in the open, and a bloody one. Of the 1,000 men of the 6th corps who went into the fight 250 were either killed or wounded.

The opposing forces were not more than fifty rods from the fort, and during it all President Lincoln stood on the parapets, apparently unconscious of his danger until an officer fell mortally wounded within three feet of him. Then Gen. Wright peremptorily represented to him the needless risk he was running, and the dire consequences an injury to him would involve.

Four hundred Union men were killed and 600 Confederates, a loss

small in comparison to other battles of the civil war, but the importance of the result cannot well be overestimated. Confederate success would have meant the flight of the President, and the capital of the country in the hands of the enemy. The effect of the resultant demoralization to the loyal men of the Union and foreign complications that would have inevitably followed cannot be told.

The little plot of ground a bit to the north, called the National Battle Ground cemetery, is where forty of those who fought for the Union on that hot July day rest until the last call. Each year, on Memorial day, the people gather there to do them homage, while the children of the public schools strew flowers on their well kept graves.

To the north of this beautiful spot, with its sheltering trees and quaint little stone lodge, there is another grave, that of an unknown wearer of the gray. Every effort has been made to learn the name of this brave man, who fought until he could fight no more, but without success. There are several stories told about him, the most authentic, perhaps, being that told by Charles Hobbs, a native of Montgomery county, Md., who was an eye witness of the battle.

He says that while Early's men were falling back in front of the advancing 6th corps a number of Confederate sharpshooters were left in the rear to sting the oncoming lines of blue. These riflemen dodged from tree to tree, firing as they retreated. The unknown who fills the lone grave was one of these "hornets," evidently more daring than his comrades, who, in his anxiety to bring down some of the enemy, lagged too far in the rear, and met death by a minie ball through his heart. His body was found the next day in a clump of bushes, where he had crawled after receiving the mortal wound. He was buried near the spot where he fell, and now a neat marble monument marks the last resting place of the unknown soldier in gray.

Indiana Veteran Vindicated.

The members of the 2d Mass. infantry association and guests from the 27th Indiana and 3d Wisconsin, which regiments comprised a brigade of the 12th army corps, dined in Wesleyan hall, Boston, during the recent G. A. R. encampment in that city, the comrades rallying around the mess table nearly 150 strong.

The after dinner speaking was of unusual interest, as two letters were read that will make history and shift a heavy load from the shoulders of a Boston man after many years.

The responsibility for giving the order for the famous charge at the battle of Gettysburg on the morning of July 3, 1863, in which the 2d Mass. regiment suffered terrible loss, has been in dispute since the close of the war.

Capt. Snow of the 2d Mass. was adjutant during the battle and when he gave the order to Col. Mudge to advance the latter said: "Are you sure that's the order?" When answered in the affirmative, he exclaimed: "That's murder," and then gave the order to advance, which resulted so disastrously.

The letters read are the result of an investigation in the other regiments. They show that Col. Crogrove, acting brigade commander, was responsible for the order, Gen. Buger, the division commander, had nothing to do with it and Capt. Snow merely delivered the order.

It has been claimed for forty-one years that Capt. Snow made a mistake. Capt. Balseley of the 27th Indiana furnished the information which exonerates Capt. Snow and the veterans hailed it with delight.

Youngest G. A. R. Man.

William H. Davis, a member of Gen. G. L. Willard Post 34 of Troy, N. Y., modestly asserts that he is the youngest member of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Mr. Davis was born in Rye, Westchester county, thirty miles from New York city, Sept. 1, 1848. Aug. 1, 1862, he enlisted at Brooklyn as drummer boy in Co. A, 158th N. Y. volunteers, which was attached to the 18th army corps, and later to the 24th army corps.

He lacked just one month of being 14 at the time of enlistment. He enlisted for three years and he served three years.

Mr. Davis is certainly one of the most youthful appearing men in the Grand Army. He is above the average height, his walk is steady and strong, and he has all the enthusiasm of youth.

Grant and His Boy Admirer.

An intimate friend of President Grant said to him one day, "General, my little boy has heard that all great men write poor hands; but he says he believes you are a great man in spite of the fact that you write your signature so plainly that anybody can read it." The president took a card from his pocket, wrote his name on it, and handed it to him. "Give that to your boy," he said, "and tell him it is the signature of a man who is not at all great, but that the fact must be kept a secret between him and me."—Boston Christian Register.

## SLEEP AN AID TO BEAUTY.

Plenty of Rest Will Enable One to Defy Hand of Time.

Women who sleep a great deal and comfortably, who are addicted to naps and regard nine hours of wholesome rest as absolutely requisite to their physical well-being are the women who defy the frosting hand of time. These are the women whose wrinkles are few and far between and whose eyes remain the brightest and cheeks the rosiest for the longest period after the bloom of youth has fled. No less notable a beauty than Diana de Poitiers, who retained her irresistible loveliness until her seventieth year, recognized the value of sleep as a preventive of wrinkles. Indeed, so fearful was she of losing a moment of perfect rest, that, mistrusting the beds of her friends, she carried her own, with its splendid fittings, on all her journeys.

## Catch Words or Phrases.

If you desire to get rich quickly, invent catch-words or phrases that will grip the attention of the public. Big sums are paid for the right article. The inventor of a word now used for a brand of crackers is said to have received \$5,000 for it. Manufacturers of various things from soap to nuts have paid nearly as high. A railroad company gave \$100 to a girl who suggested a name for one of its fast trains.

## Man and Wife.

Buxton, N. Dak., Sept. 12 (Special).—Mr. B. L. Skriveth of this place has been added to the steadily growing following that Dodd's Kidney Pills have in this part of the country.

Mr. Skriveth gives two reasons for his faith in the Great American Kidney Cure. The first is that they cured his wife and the second is that they cured himself.

"I must say," says Mr. Skriveth, "that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the best remedy for Kidney Trouble I ever knew. My wife had Kidney Disease for years and she tried all kinds of medicine from doctors but it did not help her any. An advertisement led her to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. The first box helped her so much that she took eight boxes more and now she is cured."

"I also took three boxes myself and they made me feel better and stronger in every way." Dodd's Kidney Pills have never yet failed to cure any kidney disease from Backache to Rheumatism, Diabetes or Bright's Disease.

## Mosquito Cause of Death.

A Jersey mosquito caused the death of a barber named Rosko Dorso at Harrison, N. J. The barber was shaving and a mosquito lit on his nose. The razor was directly under the barber's chin, and in making a slap to drive away the mosquito, he cut a deep gash in his throat. A physician arrived too late to save him.

## Theory Regarding the Moon.

The novel theory of Dr. Voight, a German astronomer, is that the great part of the moon's craters represent work of coral insects in long vanished seas. He finds that if the earth's tropical ocean were suddenly dried up the bed would resemble the face of the moon, the coral formations appearing exactly like the craters of the extinct volcanoes.

## Wife in Place of Hog.

The following anecdote shows how the Fijians treat their wives. A Fijian chief bought a gun from a captain in the navy for which he was to pay two hogs. But try as he would he could manage to get only one hog. This he sent to the captain, and in place of the other hog sent his wife.

## Value of Laughter.

If we realized the power of good cheer and the habit of laughter to retard the progress of age and to stay the hand which writes the wrinkles of care and anxiety on the face, we should have discovered the famed fountain of youth—the elixir of life.

## Cattle Bring High Prices.

At a sale of shorthorn cattle in the capital of the Argentine Republic sensational prices were recently paid for Scottish shorthorns; £2,610 was given for Newton Stone, a Morayshire-bred bull.

## How to Gain Riches.

Otto Wicke, a prominent New York politician, whose check is worth \$125,000, at one time lived on five cents a day and slept in the city hall park.

## WHAT'S THE USE

### To Keep a "Coffee Complexion."

A lady says: "Postum has helped my complexion so much that my friends say I am growing young again. My complexion used to be coffee colored, muddy and yellow but it is now clear and rosy as when I was a girl. I was induced to try Postum by a friend who had suffered just as I had suffered from terrible indigestion, palpitation of the heart and sinking spells."

"After I had used Postum a week I was so much better that I was afraid it would not last. But now two years have passed and I am a well woman. I owe it all to leaving off coffee and drinking Postum in its place."

"I had drank coffee all my life. I suspected that it was the cause of my trouble, but it was not until I actually quit coffee and started to try Postum that I became certain; then all my troubles ceased and I am now well and strong again." Name furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

## HAD TO GIVE UP.

Suffered Agonies from Kidney Disorders Until Cured by Doan's Kidney Pills.

George W. Renoff, of 1953 North 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa., a man of good reputation and standing, writes:

"Five years ago I was suffering so with my back and kidneys that I often had to lay off. The kidney secretions were unnatural, my legs and stomach were swollen, and I had no appetite. When doctors failed to help me I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and improved until my back was strong and my appetite returned. During the four years since I stopped using them I have enjoyed excellent health. The cure was permanent." (Signed) GEORGE W. RENOFF.

A TRIAL FREE—Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all dealers. Price, 50 cts.

## Church Decorating.

Women who take upon themselves the pleasant duty of decorating their churches may be interested in what the bishop of Worcester has to say on the subject. "Flowers," says the bishop, "should be used only on festivals; they should never be allowed to remain after they are withered; they should be voluntary offerings; there is no ecclesiastical reason why they should be put in brazen jars or tortured into unnatural shapes; there should not be too many of them; leaves or flowers should not be allowed to intrude themselves upon or near the ledge of the pulpit so as to interfere with the preacher's hands or books, or to hinder the proper use of the font."

## New Tourist Sleeping Car Service to California.

On August 15th the Missouri Pacific Railway will establish a daily through Tourist Sleeping Car Line, St. Louis to San Francisco. Train will leave St. Louis daily 11:59 p. m. The route will be via Missouri Pacific Railway to Pueblo, Colorado, thence via Denver and Rio Grande to Salt Lake City and Ogden and Southern Pacific to San Francisco and Los Angeles. This is the famous scenic line of the world—through the picturesque Rocky mountains. The service and accommodations will be up-to-date and will be personally conducted.

Very low rates will be in effect from August 15th to September 10th via Missouri Pacific Railway to the principal Pacific Coast points and return. Also Low Rate Colonist one way tickets will be sold from September 15th to October 15th. For rates, information and reservation of berths, apply to nearest representative of the Missouri Pacific Railway, or address H. C. Townsend, G. P. & T. A., St. Louis, Mo.

## Collecting Old Doors.

Near Pontefract lives a banker who has a museum of old doors. They are from old houses, castles, or abbeys that have some historic interest. Quite lately he bid \$5,000 in Paris for a door through which, during the French revolution, Marie Antoinette, Charlotte Corday, Danton and Robespierre passed to the guillotine. One of his doors is said to have shut off Charles II from his Roundhead pursuers, and it bears marks of a battering ram. A collection of ancient weathercocks is also one of this gentleman's possessions.

## THE WORLD'S FAIR—ST. LOUIS.

Hotel Epworth, three blocks from the Administration and Convention entrances, is a safe, permanent brick building of over 300 rooms. It costs no more to stop at Hotel Epworth than at the temporary staff and frame hotels. Rates \$1.00 a day and up. European plan. First-class dining hall—reasonable prices. Every convenience. Headquarters Farmers National Congress. Rooms may be reserved. (Delmar Garden car on Olive, Hotel Epworth, 6000 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Mo.)

## Fatal Hot Potato.

Margaret Kirchbaum died of eating hot potatoes. She was in a hurry to go out and gulped several hot potatoes. She died in great agony. The autopsy showed that her throat and the lining of her stomach had been so badly burned that the swelling had caused her to choke to death.

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